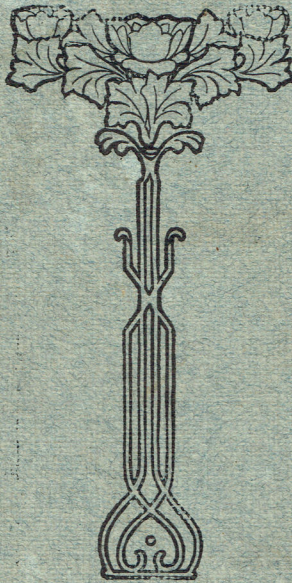


THE SALMAGUNDI

Sanford High School



1910

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THE SALMAGUNDI

Vol. I---No. 1

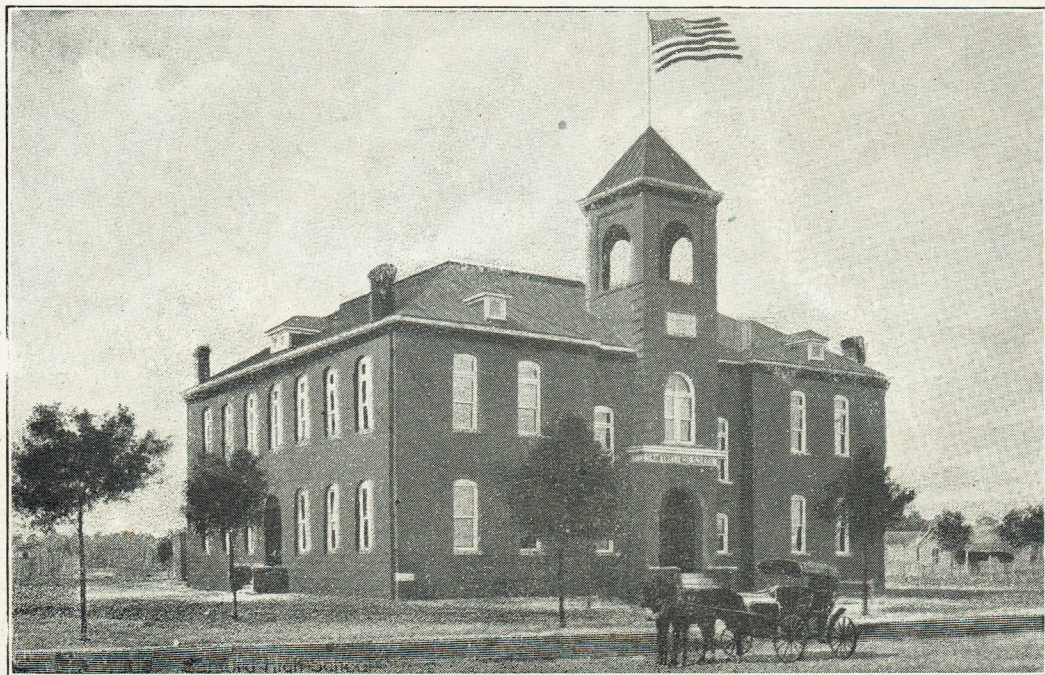
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SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL
SANFORD, FLORIDA :: ::

Price, - Fifteen Cents.



"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

Whittier: "The Eternal Goodness."



SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL

THE SALMAGUNDI

PUBLISHED BY IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY,
SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. 1

SANFORD, FLORIDA

No. 1

Ambition

Many of the passions commonly condemned are really implanted in man for good ends. Among these are pride, love of power, and ambition. Ambition may be said to include all the others.

Ambition in its best sense seeks to raise its subject to power and honor for the good of the world. A person with this kind of ambition will never use unworthy means to however good an end.

Ambition operates beneficially upon the possessor of it, as it calls for the perfection and exercise of his best faculties. With his mind fixed on one object, he is not beset by minor temptations. It makes him look at everything with a wider view, and so keeps him from being petty and narrow-minded. In seeking to gain the approbation of the world he lays the finest gifts of his mind and hands before it.

Not only in the higher walks of life does ambition operate, but in all stations. The laboring man who tries to dig the best possible kind of ditch, the woman who tries to make a better loaf of bread today than she did yesterday, both possess ambition. Every man who has raised himself to a height in any walk of life is an example of the workings of this kind of ambition.

But there is another kind of ambition that is not good. It is very hard to trace the distinction between the original feelings. Perhaps there is very little difference at first, but the results quickly tell us whether the ambition was right or wrong. It makes its possessor entirely selfish, regarding no one's rights and feelings but his own. It is never satisfied, the more it gets the more it wants, and it possesses no honor, no humanity, no religion, and respects no law. The subject of such a passion must always stifle the noble instincts which God puts in every creature made in His image, and so he misses the best fruits of wealth and power—that of giving to others and helping them. The world suffers from this kind of ambition, for it consists, not in presenting the gifts of mind and hand to fellow beings, but in getting everything possible out of the world for the gratification of one man.

Caesar is a well known example of ambition. Wolsey testified to the emptiness of ambition when he said on his death bed: "Had I served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs." But in noticing the men of bad ambition, it is comforting to think that all men, good and bad, wise and foolish, brave and cowardly, work their part in the great plan of the world. So Caesar, and Alexander, and Wolsey helped work out God's pattern, as we can see after many years.

So we must all have a touch of fatalism and do our best in the niche in which we are placed, not trying to rise at the expense of others.

M. R. C.

A Taste for Reading

Every day when the working hours are over it is positively necessary that we should take some sort of recreation. Different kinds of work require different kinds of recreation. The clerk or stenographer should take physical exercise, the laborer, or man who does physical work, needs mental recreation; but with all reading relieves the mind of the burdening thoughts of the day perhaps more than any other form of diversion, and reading is available to everyone.

Reading is a rational recreation and one of the most pleasant. It furnishes the mind with substantial ideas and eloquent images, and drives away littleness, for it is impossible to read a story or magazine article and not take some interest in it. While we are reading our minds are occupied and temptations are excluded. Reading lightens work, for while we are busy at some uncongenial physical work our minds may be busy with what we have read and the time passes quickly.

This taste not only gives occupation, but introduces us into the choicest friendships—the wisest and best of all time. If we are well-read we always have a subject that may be discussed with the best people, and as good reading elevates our ideas, we naturally seek companions whose thoughts are as high or are higher than our own. Such society is ennobling.

There are millions of books; books for instruction, of incident, of adventure, containing scenes from nature and human life, books to increase knowledge, those that stimulate our imagination, and others that purify our sentiments. So there is in reading something to suit the taste of every individual.

We may make our reading a source of pleasure to others, who for one reason or another cannot do the

reading for themselves, by reading aloud to them. How pleasant it is when we are tired to have some one read to us!

All of us who have this taste experience some of our happiest hours when we are at leisure to read our favorite books.

J. N. S.

Jimmie's Eventful Day in School

Jimmie was red-headed, not that this fact has any particular bearing upon the story, but it may serve to explain several acts which would otherwise strike the reader as a bit peculiar; Jimmie was also freckle-faced, which will explain why the girls took no interest in him; Jimmie was sixteen years old, which explains why he was not either President of the United States or in a felon's cell; Jimmie was an orphan which will serve as an apology for him. Also, Jimmie went to school in the city for one day, which is the most important thing yet said.

Jimmie's early life was spent on a farm where he attended a country school as often as the school mistress would permit him. But the time came, when the school mistress, forgiving as she was, could no longer tolerate Jimmie and his tricks. That is how and why Jimmie's uncle saw him start for the city school one bright morning, an hour too early. While Jimmie was too early for school, he was just in time for football practice and when the bell rang for classes, he was mentally and physically unfit for his duties.

His first class was Latin and he nearly caused a panic when he gave answer to the question:

"James, what do these words mean, Hic, haec, hoc?"

"Hic means that the right half-back gets the ball,

haec means that the left half back gets the ball and hoc means that the forward pass will be used."

The excitement subsided after a while and Jimmie was given another chance.

"James, what is an idiom?"

"Idiom is the Accusative case of idiot and means a person without any sense," answered he of the red hair. The teacher tried to explain that an idiom in Latin meant the same as an idiom in English, but Jimmie remarked that Caesar didn't know much about English any how.

His English teacher nearly fainted when informed by Jimmie that the American classics were Jessie James, Dick Turpin, Deadwood Dick and Bloody Butch. He also told her that Johnson was the president of the National Baseball League but he didn't think that Macauley was much of a batter. He managed to disgrace himself again in this recitation, for when asked who was James Cooper, he said, that he was a boiler-maker and related to Jim Jeffries.

He had recess then and after he had been in two fights the bell rang again. When a teacher seeing Jimmie's bleeding nose asked him if he had been fighting, Jimmie answered coolly, that he had been sliding down an Easter rainbow in his grandmother's dish pan.

Jimmie then made a bluff at reciting Natural History.

"James," asked the instructor, "Where will snails be found in the winter?"

"In their shells, sir," Jimmie answered.

He escaped with his life but when he informed the history teacher that Marathon was a place in New York where they ran races, he feared for his life. His last recitation was chemistry and the principal was the instructor. When the principal said, "James, if I should tell you that there are over a million microbes on your hand, what would you say?"

Jimmie looked at his hand, and then at the teacher. "I would say that you are the biggest liar I have ever

known," he said respectfully. The principal stood aghast for a moment, then he grabbed Jimmie by the collar and hurried him, red hair, freckled face, million microbes, bloody nose, Irish wit and all, into another room where he operated upon him for about five minutes and then 'phoned for his uncle.

W. V. L.

A Ride Through the Air

Ever since I had heard about the air-ships, I wanted to go up in one. So when I received a wire from an old college chum like this:

"Dear Dick: My aeroplane completed at last; have made two successful test ascensions. Do me the honor to go up with me on the 15th. Absolutely safe. Answer at once by wire.

Yours,

Robert Rogers.

I decided that I would like to go and wired Bob to that effect.

Accordingly the next day Bob met me at the depot and we went at once to his shop, where he showed me his machine that looked very unsubstantial, to say the least.

I could not back out then, so we decided to start next morning early. Everything being in readiness we started promptly at seven.

Well, if a fellow ever does feel queer in all his life, it is when he starts up in an air-ship.

Bob had plenty of faith in the thing, but noticing my nervousness, repeatedly assured me, that it was perfectly safe. After a little I commenced really to enjoy it. Certainly it was thrilling to look down and see a man look as if he were about twelve inches tall.

We kept going higher and higher until we could hardly distinguish houses on the earth. Then I asked

Bob, how much higher we were going. "Oh, not much," he replied. I saw he was excited and I knew he had lost control of the machine. We sailed on until we were unable to discern anything upon the earth.

Awful thoughts began to crowd themselves into our minds. We expected each moment some direful catastrophe, perhaps, to be dashed to earth and be killed or drowned in the ocean. Perhaps sail on and on and on, when, lo! We find ourselves in the tail of Halley's comet. Presto! a change, we slowly begin to descend. Bob cries, "I knew she was alright, I'll make a fortune off her yet."

Presently she began to increase her speed, rivaling the wind; when suddenly, we fell with a thud.

Soon some one called, "Dick, Dick, wake up! Are you ill?" I opened my eyes and found I was at home in bed.

After my aerial experience I think I am entirely cured of my longing to fly.

JUNIOR.

Life's Mirror

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.



SANFORD FROM TOP OF HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, LOOKING NORTH

American Endeavor Rules the World

"Americans founded the first government under which all men were equal before the law. Since the declaration of independence was published to the world the Democratic idea has hourly received new impulse, until now its march seems irresistible.

Americans were the first to demonstrate the feasibility of relying on a citizen soldiery to defend the land and its institutions against foreign or domestic attack.

Americans were the first to abolish titular distinctions and to deprive social eminence of any support save character or the consensus of those who choose to consider themselves as socially elect.

It was an American who invented the steamship.

An American invented the telegraph.

An American invented the telephone.

An American invented the electric light.

An American invented the reaper, which makes it possible to feed the billion and more people on this planet.

It was an American, too, who invented the sewing machine.

Americans also were conquerors of pain when they discovered how by means of sulphuric ether, the tenderest human nerves could be made insensible to the surgeon's steel.

Americans opened the ports of Japan to the nations of the world, made a path into darkest Africa, and now two Americans crown the geographical achievements of their countrymen by discovering the North Pole."

"Did you ever stop to think or ask what causes the color in the sky? It is dust, the every-day dust that annoys the good housekeeper. So you see how the most despised things contribute toward making the world beautiful. Without dust there would be no blue firmament.

The heaven would be blacker than we see it on moonless nights. On this black background the glowing sun would shine out sharply. This same sharp contrast of intense light and deep shadow would characterize the surface of the earth, and the moon and the stars would remain visible by day.

To the presence of dust in the air is due our soft, uniformly diffused daylight, for which our eyes are specially adapted. Each infinitesimal particle of dust catches up a particle of sunlight and break it up, scattering it into every nook and corner of our houses. The moon has no atmosphere, and no dust in suspension, the result being that on that satellite there is no diffused light, but only intense sunlight and intense darkness.

But why is it that while sunlight is white the sky is blue, and less often yellow and red? It all depends on the size of the dust particles. It is only the very finest particles, that ascend to the upper regions. The coarser ones float near the earth. The fine particles reflect the blue rays, but allow the longer-waved yellow and red rays to pass. It is only the coarser particles that interrupt the yellow and red waves."

What to Read

For clearness read Macaulay.
For logic read Burke and Bacon.
For action read Homer and Scott.
For conciseness read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception read Milton.
For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.
For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.
For elegance read Vergil, Milton and Arnold.
For simplicity read Burns, Whittier, and Bunyan.
For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.
For interest in common things read Jane Austen.
For humor read Chaucer, Cowantes, and Mark Twain.

The Boys

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with
pen,—
And sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gay!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life, lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

“We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made;
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.”

“Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.”—Lowell.

“Ernestness alone makes life eternity.”—Carlyle.

"Books—light-houses erected in the sea of time."—E. P. Whipple.

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er he roam;
His first, best country ever is at home."—Goldsmith—
Traveller.

"It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.—
Horace Mann.

"Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly—if your mind is open to learn."—
Thomas Carlyle.

THE SALMAGUNDI

Published by the Irving Literary Society of Sanford High School

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| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
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| HENRY MOOR | <i>Assistant Business Manager</i> |

VOL. I

SANFORD, FLA.

No. 1

Greeting

With the appearance of this issue of the Salmagundi, its editors extend greetings to their fellow students, the members of the faculty, and the many friends interested in the life of our school. It has been our aim to produce a publication worthy of representing the Sanford High School, and we hope it will be interesting and instructive to all. We also beg our patrons to overlook any short comings of the Salmagundi, as this is our first bow to the public, but we will strive each year to improve and make each edition better than the preceding one.

To the business men of the city, we desire to express our appreciation for the kindly recognition which they have given us for the success of our paper.

The first meeting of the Irving Literary Society for this school year was held Monday afternoon, October 4. The following officers were elected:

President—Francis Eugene Ronmillat, Jr.

Vice President—Ernest Betts.

Secretary—Clarence Mahoney.

Treasurer—Tenney Deane.

Program Committee—Eva Frenger, Annie Lee Caldwell, Carrie Lovell, Lillian Higgins.

Critic—Miss Guild.

The meetings have been held bi-monthly, the subjects have been varied and instructive. One of the most interesting features of each meeting has been the reading of our paper, "Salmagundi."

The year that is just closing has been a prosperous one for our school. Over six hundred pupils have been enrolled in the entire school. We have had a larger enrollment in the High School Department than ever before. The attendance has been remarkably good, and we have had more school spirit than in the past.

The prospects for another year are bright. A building will be constructed during the summer to be used only for the High School Department. The plans for this building are already drawn, so that it will be put up during the summer. This building will be modern in every respect. It will contain a large auditorium, physical and chemical laboratories, a large study hall, gymnasium, recitation rooms, and in fact every thing that is needed by an up to date high school.

This building will fill a long felt want, and give to Sanford a system of schools as good as any in the State. We confidently expect to see our numbers doubled when we get this building.

Visible to the naked eye, despite the bright sunshine and the clear blue sky, a star the other day attracted the attention of the people of Rome, who stopped in crowds in the streets to look at it. Many mistook the star for a comet, but the director of the astronomical observatory discovered that it was Venus, which is visible in day light only when the atmosphere is of the clearest. The last time this star was seen in Rome in the day time was in November, 1871, on the day when the first Italian parliament was inaugurated.

The passenger pigeon is gone forever.

The heath hen may be blotted out any year.

The pinnated grouse of the west now exists in a few localities only.

The splendid sage grouse of the cattle plains are fast being shot off and soon will disappear.

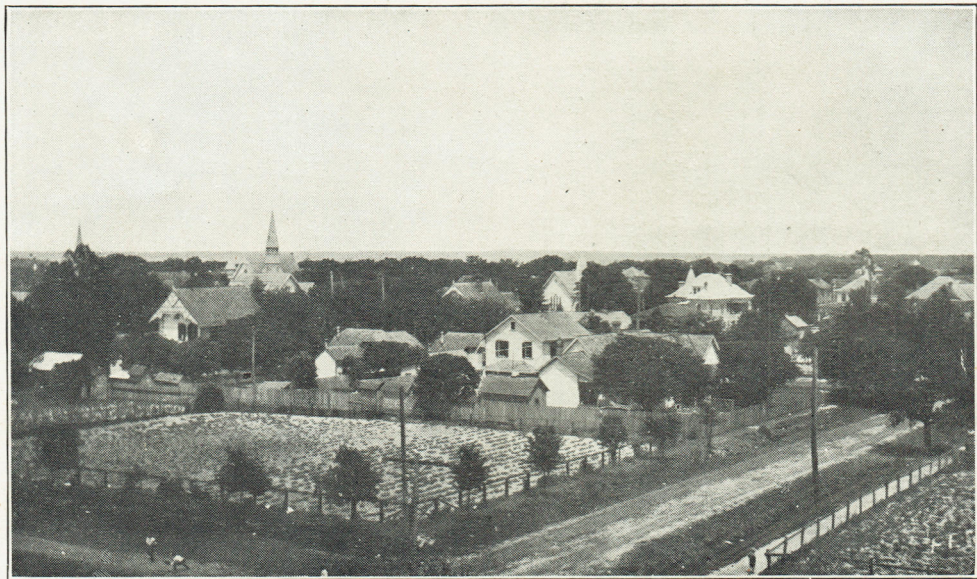
The great whooping crane is nearly extinct.

The trumpeter swan is so nearly extinct that skins are not procurable.

The California condor will last about twenty years.

The Labrador duck and great aulk are quite extinct.

The plume birds of Florida, are but a memory; and so are the scarlet ibis, roseate spoonbill and flamingo.



SANFORD FROM TOP OF HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, LOOKING NORTHEAST

Alumni Notes

The first graduating class of this high school, a class of four girls, received their diplomas in May 1907. As we find them today, Mable Bowler, Peachea Lffler, and Clara Millen are teaching school and as, "cupid's dart has pierced her heart," Alberta Hill will soon enter into the happy bonds of matrimony. Of the '08 class Flossie Frank is taking a higher course of piano study from Mrs. Munson and Gladys Gardner is stenographer with the Title, Bond and Guarantee Co., of this city. Of our largest class, '09, Ruth Abbott is attending the Shenandoah Collegiate Institute at Dayton, Va. Alice Robbins is enjoying home life and May Hamilton is attending a college in Richmond, Ind. Edward Lane and Ralph Stevens are at Stetson University. Stanley Wood is a homesteader in Baker, Montana. Claude Coffee is farming, and Henry Peabody is at work in Sanford. Father Time will tell the tale of the class of 1910.





Social..

Friday evening, December 17, 1909, Saidee Williams entertained the Junior class in a delightful way at her home. The rooms were simply but tastefully decorated in holly and mistletoe.

When every member of the class had arrived after a few minutes of social chatting a drawing contest was enjoyed, which proved that the Juniors must have graduated in drawing. Each person was given an animal to draw on a black board in a limited time and the rest were to guess what it was supposed to be. Martha Fox was the fortunate one to receive the prize, an exquisite little match holder and Abie Kanner the consolation prize, a large stick of candy tied with a pretty red ribbon. Other games were enjoyed. During the evening a delicious fruit course was served.

The time came all too soon to bid Saidee good night and every one went away proclaiming the evening perfect in every detail.





FIRST STREET AND FIRST NATIONAL BANK



Thursday being Thanksgiving we had school on Saturday in order that we might have the Friday after Thanksgiving for a holiday.

On Monday the 7th, the woodshed at the rear of the schoolhouse mysteriously caught fire. The flames were discovered by Miss Rose Greenthal, and she promptly sent in the alarm to Prof. Perkins. A volunteer fire department of the school boys with buckets, trash-cans and one of the school fire extinguishers with Mr. Greenthal as fire chief soon put out the conflagration. The damage is estimated at about forty-five cents; this was almost covered by insurance.

The High School was treated to a ride in the Celery avenue bus last Friday, April 1, as an advertisement for Tag-day.

About fifty new volumes have been added to our school library. These consist of books on history, science, literature and art, and should be much prized. They were obtained through the efforts of Miss Guild who from friends of the school, raised about \$50.00.

It will interest the pupils of the High School to know that Prof. Perkins will spend part of the summer here and part in Virginia.

A gentleman in town has offered a prize to any pupil of the Sanford High School that draws the best map of Florida or writes the best essay on birds or kindness to animals.

There are many who could and should take advantage of this opportunity.

If some of the Junior boys would exercise their vocal capacities Thursday afternoons instead of Sunday night, it would help Miss Armstrong a great deal.

Night air is bad for the vocal chords, boys!

Prof. Schadt of Rollins College visited the school last Monday morning. He gave a short talk that was enjoyed by all present.

President Blackman has offered two scholarships from Rollins College to two members of our Senior class of 1910, making the highest marks in their studies. They should do their best towards accepting this offer.

Dr. Tucker, Dean of the English Department of Florida State College for women, addressed our school recently, at morning exercises. He explained to us very clearly the work done by our State colleges and tried to impress upon us the importance of completing our high school courses and then taking the course in some higher school.

Miss Armstrong is going to study in New York.

Miss Tetherly will spend a month or two on the coast but does not intend to leave the State.

Miss Guild will leave here on the 31st of May for Boston and points in New Hampshire.

We wish that each one of our teachers may spend a pleasant and restful vacation.



ATHLETICS

The boys of the S. H. S. met Thursday afternoon, November 18, 1909, for the purpose of organizing an athletic association.

Prof. Perkins called the meeting to order and explained fully the object of the meeting. It was decided that the association would take part in several sports with football under immediate consideration. The officers elected were as follows:

Earnest Householder—President.

Kenneth Murrell—Vice President.

Abie Kanner—Secretary.

Earnest Betts—Treasurer.

Prof. Perkins, Osborne Henderson, Edward Stevens, Executive Committee.

Earnest Householder, the High School pacer, by careful training has succeeded in beating Kenneth Murrell to the pie wagon.

Earnest Betts has at last succeeded in utilizing the momentum gained by his great weight and speed in jumping the sidewalk.

The S. H. S. Athletic Association meets the first Wednesday of each month.

Up-to-date:

I love my leap-frog. But Oh! you baseball!

The athletic meets, which were held in Tampa, were pulled off under difficulties. It rained hard the night before and all that morning and as a result the track was in a bad condition. It was simply impossible for those who had entered to run on the inside track. However

the events started about one o'clock in the afternoon. When they were about half over they were interrupted by military drills which delayed them about an hour. Darkness came before the events could be finished. The half mile run, the hop, skip and jump, and the mile relay race were postponed until Saturday.

Rain interfered with the races Saturday and they were called off to be run off in Bartow the next week.

Sanford representatives were Vail Lovell and Earnest Householder in the fifty-yard and one hundred-yard dashes. Vail in the running high jump and Henry Moor in the half mile run.

Earnest and Vail ran well but unfortunately failed to win. Voil did not jump on account of the delay of the event. Henry did not have an opportunity to enter the race. The records were as follows:

50-yard dash, won by Plant City, 5 4-5 seconds.

100-yard dash, won by Plant City, 11 1-5 seconds.

220-yard dash, won by Arcadia 24 4-5 seconds.

440-yard dash, won by Bartow, 1 minute and 6 1-5 seconds.

High jump, won by Braidentown, 5 feet.

Broad jump, won by Arcadia, 18 feet 11 inches.

Shot put (8lb), won by Arcadia, 45 feet, 4 1-2 inches.

Baseball throw, won by Braidentown, but was not measured on account of darkness.

Whoop-a-ray,

Whoop-a-ray,

Whoop-it-again,

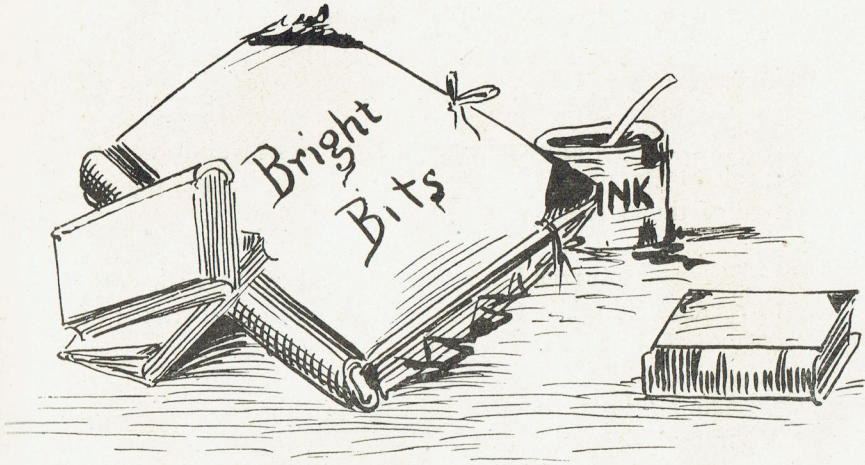
For the Sanford High School

Baseball men!

The track team journeyed to Winter Park on Tuesday, November 22nd, 1909 under the guardianship of Miss Guild. They all had a good time, but sorry to say they did not succeed in winning the athletic events. Here's hoping we may do better next year at the annual meets.



Senior Class 1910



Here's to the Freshmen
Who are so contented,
To be in the High School —
They are almost demented.

Here's to the Sophomores
Who are so dignified,
Well follow the Juniors
And be classified.

Here's to the Juniors,
The finest of all.
They will be Seniors
Early next Fall.

Here is to the Seniors,
We are sorry to say,
Who expect to be graduated,
On Friday, the twentieth of May.

Abie has given us a new quotation from Carlyle,
"When a man hasn't any sense he is stupid."

Harry Carlson says: Working on a farm and carrying books are two of the best physical exercises that are invented.

The Sophomore class are sorry Miss Guild had to speak to Clarence the other day, as it spoiled the reputation of the class.

Kenneth Murrell has stopped school to enter the commercial world. We trust he will be more considerate of customers than he was with his Latin verbs.

The long and short of it in the flirting game, "Henry Moor and Earnest Householder."

Miss Tetherly asked Martha how many volumes Wordsworth wrote. At first, she hesitated somewhat and said, she really did not hear the question. She was thinking about the door. Then Miss Tetherly asked Harry if he could answer it and he said one, of course.

In the Latin class the other day, Vail had his Caesar labeled "Poison"—When Earnest Householder spied the label he asked for one for his book. Miss Guild suggested that he put on the other which usually accompanies such a label, "Shake well before using."

One of the Seniors needs a new switch so is going to write an essay on birds in order to receive one as a prize offered.

Virginia has changed the quotation, "An honest man is the noblest work of God" to "The noblest work of God is human man."

Soph's don't talk about the bad English the Juniors are using, they are just trying to speak German.

It is really becoming very noticeable how much the girl in blue, looks at the boy with brown eyes across the aisle from her. Also how the big tall boy with curly hair looks at the little Soph, with black eyes and hair.

Rah, rah, rah, we, we, we,
S, A, N, F, O, R, D,
Are we in it, well we guess,
We're the scholars of the S. H. S.

Prof. Perkins was very much surprised Thursday in the German class when one of his most promising pupils translated "Do you like green apples?."

"The goat he ate a rubber shoe,
And softly did he hum.
Boys, I am doing nothing new,
I'm simply chewing gum."

In the Junior literature class the members learned one thing worth remembering. Abie told us that Addison was very greedy, he overate himself.

Our little Soph's are learning to speak Latin after all. One of the Freshmen asked Ruth, just before the Latin test if she wasn't frightened. She answered, "No, but I am nervus-a-um."

We would advise Harry Carlson to take another route home. All of the girls from the west side of town, make him carry their books. One afternoon as he was crossing a bridge, the bridge broke and let Harry, books, and all into the stream, which shows he was too heavily burdened.

We are glad to welcome Virginia back again after so near drowning in a ditch that she fell into on her way to school.

Who makes you think of darkness?—Mamie Knight.

Who are the three most saintly in the room?—Virginia Elder, Eugenia Pope, and Tenny Deane.

Who represents automobiles?—Bertha Packard and Ray Maxwell.

Who is smaller than a mountain?—Mamie Hill.

Who brings us all the news?—Verne Messenger.

What two represent places of worship?—Mary Chapel and Clarence Temple.

Who is the slyest in the room?—Martha Fox.

Who is the girl of color?—Kate Brown.

Who are the two that pertain to a knife?—Eloise Keene and Ethel Sharpe.

Who are the cooks of the school?—Edith and Ruth Stewart.

Who is it, that never has enough?—Henry Moor.

Whose name is it, that the girls like to pronounce?—Clarence Ma-honey.

What is one of the most shocking reports about one of our Junior boys?—Ernest Betts.

Rah, rah, rah, sis boom ba,

Crackers and Yankees, ha! ha! ha!

We're a whole lot more, but nothing less

Than the boys and girls of the S. H. S.

Don't leave your olive bottles in your desk.

Don't leave your cake boxes on the tables.

Don't forget to be quiet when the second bell rings.

Don't take the study hall for a parading ground.

Don't break the pledge you signed.

Don't wear paint in the school room.

Don't come to school, if you are so smart you don't need to study.

Don't have any lambs in school.

Don't pull the curtains down and put them in the waste basket.

Don't sharpen your pencils at your desks on the floor.

Don't leave your crumbs where you lunch.

Don't forget that it is impolite to chew gum in school.

Don't talk in the corridors whatever you do.



The Junior class, well we guess,
Is the banner class of the S. H. S.
Just as studious as can be,
From half past eight until quarter of three.
Each member we do honorably mention,
Just to show the class affection,
Also we will like to show
Their dispositions as we go.

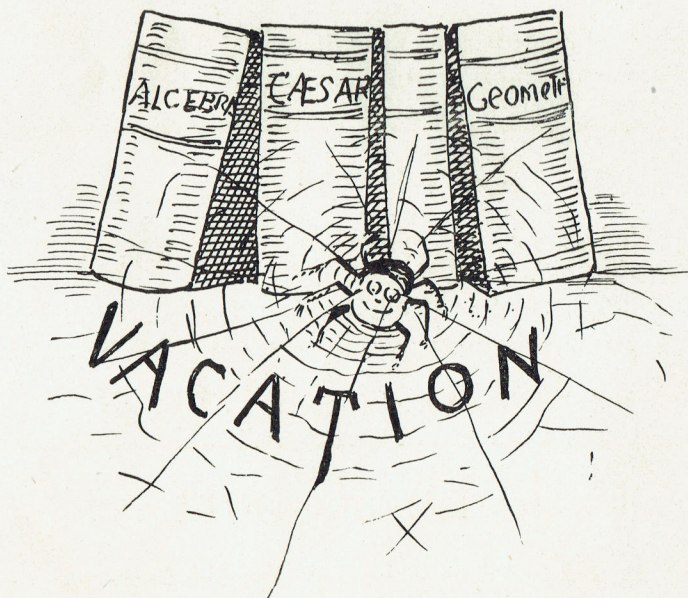
Saidee Williams so dignified,
Eugenia equally full of pride,
Earnest Betts so full of wit
When it comes to him the rest have to quit.

Mabel Cowan our electioneer,
Gussie's watchword "persevere."
Martha Fox, so many "cant's"
Ruthie, too, "Did you say, thanks?"

Virginia and Seth, the cutest of the class,
Carrie Lovell, well she will pass
Harry always in a dream,
And Abie has a poetic theme.

Earnest Householder, "The window for him."
But yet that is only just a whim.
Willie Singletary last of all,
But seldom below one hundred does she fall.
Vail and Mary are partly Juniors,
But still they are good next year for Seniors.

Vacation is almost here,
And many of us sadly fear—
There'll be many a wish and many a sigh,
For the jolly old times of the Sanford Hi.



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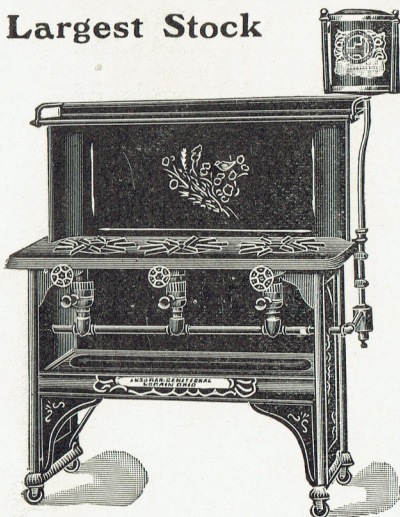
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